

# BAUM'S

## In the Running Brook

We find a greater charm than in the stagnant pond. So, too, in store-keeping. Liveliness, a constant activity—a daily newness and freshness—the sparkle of unexpected values—make the alert store a place of interest at all times. Our every effort is directed toward making just such a store.

### ATTRACTIVE SILKS

Japan and China—France and America—all have their representative make here. Each with its particular excellence emphasized by unusual prices.

The 65-in. China Silks—stripes and brocades—extra value, 50c.

75c. Fin. Str. pe. Tulle, very rare, 65c.

The 90c. Black Japan Silks, 75c.

The 1.50 Black More Antelope, particularly handsome for carriages, \$1.25.

A lot Fancy Figured China Silks—out of the common quality for the price, 19c.

### CLOAKS AND SUITS

Choice of our \$5.00 and \$5.50 Cloth Capes—various styles—plain, braided and silk lined, \$3.98.

### SUITS

Black and Gray All-wool Serge Blazer Suits—extra wide skirt, plain and buttoned back. A \$12.50 value, \$9.98.

### SKIRTS

Business of our All-wool and Silk and Wool Crepon, Tailor-made Skirts. Regularly sold at \$12.50, \$15 and \$17.50. \$8.98.

### SILK WAISTS

Our \$4.00 Extra Large Sleeve Waist—specialty priced, \$2.98.

### CHILDREN'S REEFERS

Cardinal and Navy Reefs, sizes 4 to 14, Regularly \$1.50, \$1.25.

### LINEN DEPARTMENT

125 Dozen All-linen Checked and Plain Fringed Napkins. Special, 2c each.

2,000 yards Glass Toweling, in colored checks and stripes. Special, 2c yard.

Bleached Turkish Towels, 18x36—good heavy quality, 11c each.

Pure Linen Damask Towels—fancy border—knotted fringe. Available at 12 1/2c.

A bargain in Extra Heavy, All-linen German, Damask Napkins, 5-4 size, per dozen \$1.49.

All-linen Colored Border, Fringed Breakfast Cloth—2 yards long—52c each.

### UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT

One lot of Tapestry and Body Brussels Rugs, 23x36 and 27x32. Were 75c.

Porter's Best Table Oil Cloth, in white and colors, 45 inches wide. Per yard, 15c.

Sheet Oil Cloth 36 per yard.

Cotton Bail Fringe, all colors, 3c.

MILINERY AND HATS

44 1/2" Hats from that lot of Ladies' and Children's Hats—including Longhorns, black and all colors fancy straw—were 89c and \$1. Special to-morrow 44c.

Flowers—Roses, Daisies, Orchids, Buttercups, Mignonette, 25c—they're the 50c and 75c kind.

Viola's at 4c the dozen.

Ribbons and Ribbons—One lot in particular—fancy striped and Dresden figured—all colors—worth 38c. Special, 21c.

DOMESTICS AND LININGS

12 1/2c Lonsdale Cambrics, 10c.

No more than ten yards to a customer.

12 1/2c Peppercorn Sheetings, 54-inch, 7-3c.

20c and 25c Fancy Percales, 12 1/2c.

6c Best Dressmakers' Cambric, 3-3-4c.

25c Quality Hair Cloth, 15c.

10c Quality Shirting Percales, 7c.

12 1/2c Grade Dimities, 10c.

15c Quality Dimities, 12 1/2c.

NOTIONS, ETC.

Household Ammonia, 3c.

Stockinette Dress Shields, Nos. 3 and 4, 6c.

6 and 7-4-4 Dress Whitebone, doz. 4c.

Bone Casing, all colors, per bolt, 8c.

Belting, dark, fancy colors. Per belt, 8c.

De Long Hosiery and Eyes. Per card, 8c.

Ladies' Hose Supporters, 11c.

Black and White Tape, all widths, 1c.

Black, White and Gray Skirt Wire, 3c.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

Marcella—By Mrs. Humphrey Ward, complete edition. Special, Monday only, 25c.

## Chic Dresses for Wheelwomen

### ELLEN OSBORN CHATS OF MANY CYCLING COSTUMES.

Plenty of Them, and of as Many Sorts as There Are Feminine Riders.

(Copyright, 1895, by Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier.)

HERE are as many cycle outfits as there are women. The shops that sell them are in two pieces—blazer and bloomers. The women who have their bicycle suits made get them sometimes in three pieces and sometimes in two, which means that there are always bloomers, and that there may or may not be skirts also.

This discourse is mainly upon skirts, because knickers have no longer the fascination of fashion. A woman who was trying to smoke a cigarette remarked plaintively: "I wish that nasty thing was proper, then I could throw it away." Knickers have become so proper that the frill of a skirt, which was once only for the thing that is a trifle risque, doesn't have to wear them. They will stand on their own legs in the future, to be worn or not to be worn, as they prove or fail to prove themselves the most practical garments for cycling.

The woman who is able to pay for \$60



AN ULSTER IS CONVENIENT.

to \$60 for a thoroughly up-to-date and thoroughly conventional wheeling dress is out on the boulevards this spring in a pepper and salt mutton skirt, made to open on the sides instead of in the back, and coming down to the top of the shoes. This skirt is scant or full, according to the rider's figure, and is lined with a very heavy silk with fancy stripes. Under it she wears bloomers, or, very possibly, equestrian tights, buttoning just below the knees. A single-button cutaway coat, with a shirt waist or a silk blouse gives her a smart look as necessary to her peace of mind. Her headgear is a Scottish cap with two quills, and on her feet she has low russet shoes meeting leggings.

The woman, or her tailor, would give

It's a choice between the conventional and the radical—skirts and fairly close-fitting knickers. There's no good foothold on any middle ground.

The best cycling bloomers are of linen. Silk is very well for amateurs. Soft gray linen, striped with pink or green, or dark red, is the prettiest possible relief of the monotonous pepper and salt of the received riding costume.

Riding bloomers are just on the market. To walk, or, worse yet, to take a street car from home to the park where the morning spin is to begin is not the pleasantest of experiences, if one is new to one's knicker. Coats that come to the heels and effectively conceal the bifurcated garments are bought by every girl who can afford them.

Ready-made cycling suits take away much of the picturesque of the sport and testify to its popularity. All the big shops are full of them. They cost from \$12 to \$112, and a very moderate price will procure serge, cheviot or ladies' cloth bloomers, with coat and blouse or sweater. The cheapest ones are as hideous as ready-made bathing suits, but the thoughtless who spend her spare change to hire a machine will soon teach the shop to treat her better. Before autumn there will be really good cycle suits at bargain sales.

It seems that bloomers have come to stay. And now the question naturally arises—as they say in debate when no such question would ever have thought of arising if it hadn't been fished out of obscurity against its will—where are you going to draw the line?

This question really does arise, don't you know. I have heard of a landlady who had a boarder. That is to say, a particular boarder, who had a bicycle suit of pattern bifurcate. And this landlady, moved to wrath by the boarder's habit of wearing her bicycle suit about the house, was moved to this wise remark: "I won't have it. It's all right to wear 'em bicycling, if the others do, I suppose, but you can't wear 'em in my house, where—where—"

"Where there's nobody to see," interrupted the boarder. But after all, the landlady was right, and the boarder wasn't. Just as soon as the mysterious "they" wear bloomers in their houses, or in their noses, it will be quite right for one lone woman to do so, and not much before. For there's luck in odd numbers, only when the numbers are so large that they have ceased to be odd.

Still, a considerable extension of what we may call the bloomer principle has proved possible. Obviously bifurcated and unmanicured specimens of the genus homo were observed skating in Central Park last winter, and in more authoritative London. Bloomers are recognized as suitable for walking trips, shooting tramps—few of these are taken by women in this country.

Perhaps the landlady will be less obtuse by and by, and perhaps she won't. There is only one safe rule in matters of fashion, and that is the one never can tell.

ELLEN OSBORN.

### QUESTIONS OF THE HAT.

What the Spring Millinery Looks Like to a Shopper's Eyes.

Viewing the question of spring millinery as a whole, it may be said that she who purchases a turban of black or green straw, heaps it with mingled violets and roses, combined with quantities of foliage, a little each of ribbon, and velvet, a gold ornament or two, with perhaps a crown of gold or jet, and an aigrette of black or rose pink, may safely trust her hat to the merest of hatter critics.

The spring of 1895 will be a perfect carnival of brilliant colors, and the women who love sober tints will sign for them in vain. Royal blue, cerise, rose pink, clear yellow in the brightest of gold embroidery and ornaments, light green and all shades of violet, will make the churches gay on Easter morning.

Cravats—Women are beginning to get their rights. Musty—So? Cravats—Yes, one of them was lynched in Nebraska yesterday. Philadelphia Inquirer.

If England does not withdraw her claims in Venezuela the President should mobilize the Chicago Home for Female Offenders, Gov. Pennington and the Indiana legislature. Minneapolis Journal.

"This is going to leave your place, Bridget? Why, it was only week before last that your mistress raised your wages." "That's just it, mum. O am not to be patronized like the likes of her."—Boston Transcript.

"This is a good investment as you can make, madam," said the enthusiastic bicyclist. "Not only does it cost nothing for food, but if you ever become famous you can make back all you paid by writing up your experiences in learning to ride."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Profitable Combination.

The drummer stepped into a store in a Western town where the proprietor had a stock of guns and musical instruments.

"Isn't this a rather queer combination?" he asked.

"There's money in it for me," replied the proprietor.

"I don't see how."

"I suppose because you ain't up in our ways."

"Well, put me up."

"It's this way," explained the proprietor. "Sell a man a cornet or banjo, or fiddle, or something like that, and by the time he has practiced a week his neighbor comes in and buys a shotgun or revolver or something like that, and I get a good goin' and comin'."—Musical Record.

Only a Trial.

Magistrate—You say he hit you twice. Then I suppose he tried to hit you again?

Prosecuting Witness—Yes, but it was only a trial. I fetched him one under the jaw that sent him so far that I am surprised that he is at this trial. Philadelphia Inquirer.

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# STOLL'S SHOE PALACE.

## Wearing Your Spring Shoes?

It's about time to if your're not. Warm weather is setting, and you want foot comfort. Your heavy winter shoes can't give it, but ours for spring can.



## LADIES' SHOES.

We've made special efforts in the direction of securing shoes to suit our lady customers. We feel that we have succeeded, too. You should see how dainty the shoes make the feet look.

Ladies' Cof. Kid Oxfords, Bedford Cord Top, narrow opera toe, A to E, 2.48  
Ladies' Cof. Kid Oxfords, Light Tan Tops, needle toe, A to E, 2.48  
Ladies' Russia Seal Oxfords, needle toe, A to E, 2.00  
Ladies' Cof. Kid, dark and light shades, narrow opera toe, A to E, 1.98  
Ladies' Tan Goat Oxfords, needle and opera toes, B to E, 1.48  
Ladies' Russet Tan Oxfords, opera and Phil. toes, C to E, 1.25  
Ladies' Russet Goat Oxfords, opera and common sense toes, D to E, 75c

# OUR SHOES SUIT MOST MEN.

Men's Light Russia Calf Bals, razor toe, Scotch Outside, B to E, 2.98  
Men's Dark Russia Calf Bals, razor toe, Scotch Outside, B to E, 2.98  
Men's Patent Leather Bals, razor toe, Scotch Outside, C to E, 2.48  
Men's Russia Cf. Bals, narrow opera toe, B to E, 2.98  
Men's Russia Cf. Bals, needle toe, B to E, 2.98  
Men's Russia Cf. Bals, globe toe, C to E, 2.98  
Men's Russia Cf. Bals, needle toe, C to D, 2.25

## Bicycle Shoes

### For Women.

Ladies' Bicycle Bals, \$2.00  
Oxfords, \$1.75  
All widths and sizes.



## Bicycle Shoes

### For Men.

Men's Bicycle Bals, \$2.25  
Oxfords, \$2.00  
All widths and sizes.

# Stoll's Shoe Palace,

810 Seventh Street Northwest.

## Witchery Lurks in Women's Eyes

### DANGEROUS POWERS USED FOR SOCIAL ADVANTAGE.

Homely Women Make Themselves Fascinating, but the Optic Nerve Is Strained.

(Copyright by Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier.)

WOMEN will be blind in a few generations if they are not careful of their eyes, said an oculist to a society woman who applied to him for an eye trouble.

"Take you care, my dear madam. You come to me with a queer sensation in your eyes. They do not pain you except along the optic nerve, at the side of the head, with shooting pains when you are tired, running along under those cherished side waves of yours. Your eyes are not injured; they do not weep, and you have no organic eye trouble, yet I must repeat that you, as well as others of your sex, will be blind—if you keep on."

"Now as you are beginning to get

not very strong, and of plain appearance; or she would be plain were it not for those eyes of hers. They are only fair-sized, and they are the ordinary 'round' eyes of Americans—not the almond of the Spanish, or the fascinating slant of the Oriental; yet they have in their changeable depths all the peculiar fascinations of both of these internationalities, with the added American sparkle. That woman works wonders with those eyes, but she will be blind some day.

"This little woman—she is very small, even to pertness—applied to me for a mysterious trouble of the eyes. 'I can't always see,' she said, 'when they are open, she said to me smilingly. Then as I glanced at her she threw back her head and 'looked' at me. For several seconds the entire surface of the eyeball was exposed to the light and air. The lids that should

have shaded the eyes were wide open, and the lashes fairly touched the eyeballs. But the singular part of it was this. While she 'did' this look she smiled, dancing her eyes. 'Stop doing that!' I cried, for I had in my hand optical instruments that required a straight gaze. 'Look right at me.'"

"She did as I told her, but she dropped her lids at the sides, brought a dark light in those queer eyes, and for the life of me I couldn't make a proper diagnosis of their condition. They changed so constantly."

"The explanation of it was that this

woman had hypnotic power in her eyes, and that hypnotism is bad for the eyesight. In the old mesmerism days those who practiced 'mind-reading' tired themselves out by looking at their subjects after the séance. In these hypnotic days, since hypnotism is so largely the work of the eyes, women, and men, too, for that matter, run the risk of losing their sight.

"Women use this power in society. They make themselves popular, they get favors for the asking, on account of those spell-binding eyes, and they are able to make themselves look about as they please."

An April Song.

I'll sing you a song of the chattering wren, Of the blackbird's mellow note, Of the early frog in his reedy fen, Whose song is drowned in his throat; The sun peeps out from the cloudy skies, And up from the south a warm breathwaits.

I'll sing you a song of the swelling buds, That are ready to burst with joy, Of the willows green that the winter floods Have tried, but in vain, to destroy. The violet and the new-turned sod, Both offer an increase up to God.

Now I have in mind a small woman,



THAT STARKING, PIERCING, ENTRANCING LOOK.

These explanations: Melton is the most durable of materials; pepper and salt shoes do not last. The 'legging' skirts and meet the tight or knicker, so that no sort of accident can cause any exposure; the Scottish cap is bright colored, and relieves the sombreness of the rest, and the rig. The shoes are soft and low-heeled.

The woman I have been talking about gets her fashions from London. The girl who imports here from Paris rides in a very much shorter skirt, which is blue or green in color, and has a wonderfully gay little jacket to match it, with a straw hat trimmed with roses. One doesn't see the French girl very often. Bicycle riders adhere to a very righteous code, that, if skirts are not to be long enough to last, they really wear them, accord with the proprieties to drop them frankly, stand upon the necessities of the occasion, and come out bravely in knickers.

The woman who rides much has her sweater. This is white, with, of course, immense sleeves. Sometimes it is striped with blue or pink, or embroidered with club monogram. It buttons at the shoulders, and is decidedly a welcome innovation. The 'knickers' of '95 defy description. They are too numerous and too varied. In an hour's walk in Central Park this morning I noted:

A girl of nineteen in very full knickerbockers of gray serge, gathered into a band just below the knee. She had a figaro jacket, made with pointed revers, faced with white cloth and opening over a bodice of white burlesk. Her tie and waist were of tartan plaid. She wore a Scotch cap and looked uncommonly jaunty.

A young society matron wheeling in a full divided skirt of brown cloth over which she wore a Spanish jacket.

A girl not yet out, in very short skirt of Highland plaid, with tight, black knickers showing below it. Broad pointed shoes, black short jacket and cap, with feather made a strikingly jaunty costume.

A blonde of pretty figure, in regular black riding pantaloons, buttoned up to the knee and tight-fitting around the calf. A short, flaring coat did scarcely more than offer a pretense of draperies.

A plump mile of a woman in gray knickerbockers, full at the hips, but narrowing at the knees, like a man's riding breeches, and fastened with a buttoned band. A Norfolk jacket and an Alpine hat finished a most business-like equipment.

A girl of twenty or twenty-one who was making time in dull red knickers, close-fitting at the waist line and growing gradually fuller until the puffs which drooped over the gaiters about her knees were like scant double skirts. This girl wore a red blouse, with belt and enormous sleeves.

The full knickers, like the divided skirts, are hideous and not especially convenient. They're not worth the cost of a revolution in society. There are times when common sense won't work. This is one of them.

TAYLOR GRIMES.



THESE DARE TO SKIRTS.

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## FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his life has taken the job off his hands.—Texas Siftings.

"Bless him," she mused; "there's none of the new man nonsense about him." With a tender smile she watched her husband as he sang the children to sleep.—Detroit Tribune.

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